

## EXHIBIT 2

Victim Impact Statement  
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Ogoshi case # 2022R00147

To feel the impact of our loss of Jordan you must know the impact Jordan had on our lives.

When a child enters your life, whether they are born to you or introduced later, they create a profound impact. The very first day Jordan came into my life, he had my heart. His father took him to meet me for a walk on the beach. We were somewhat newly dating, and we got lost in conversation when we looked down and Jordan was no longer between us. We looked around and found him a few yards back, mad, arms crossed and his face scrunched up and he said "you left me!" As cute as it was, it also broke my heart a little. I knew dating a man with a child was not something to take lightly, but it did not prepare me for how I would feel a sense of immediate devotion and protection over this little life. Looking at him in that moment brought tears to my eyes and to myself I said "I will never leave you little man, not ever." And I didn't. I never left him since that very first day over 16 years ago.

After a while, I began to realize and assume the natural inclinations of a parent. I became protective, worried, proud, curious, frustrated, sad, and happy when it came to this little boy. I will never forget the first time he allowed me to sooth his sadness. We were in the grocery store and he had asked his dad for a candy bar in the checkout and was told no. Naturally, he got upset and started crying, so I picked him up and took him outside to wait for his Dad to finish paying for the groceries. I remember he didn't fight it, didn't yell for his Dad, instead he put his head on my shoulder and squeezed his little arms around me and allowed me to shush him, distract him and tell him it would be ok.

My own parents and relatives gained what we all gladly considered the first grandchild and great grandchild of the family. They were immediately happy to have this little boy around. They delighted in his humor, excited to play with him, take him places and be his ally against his parents. My mom had a bin full of toys ready for him just days after he was introduced to her; already planning their activities when we would come over or she would eventually be asked to watch him.

Over the years, Jordan and I inevitably got into battles over household chores, homework, and other responsibilities or life lessons and as frustrated as he might have been, he never once yelled or muttered "you're not my mom!" or "I don't have to listen to you!". I fully expected it at some point, I wasn't naive to the tactics of children while trying to win an argument, but he never did that. He'd say I was mean, tell me it wasn't fair, he had no shortage of arguments but never once did he try to say something he thought might be hurtful. It was just his heart. He had a big heart, that was always conscious of others.

We spent countless hours caring for him, worrying over him, putting effort into his schooling, his extracurriculars, and trying to ensure he grew into a good, productive, loving human being. Which he was well on his way to becoming. He played basketball, baseball, football, and track. He even played one season of soccer. His team were the grey wolves, not just the wolves, the grey wolves. He would stand ready down at one end of the field and wouldn't travel with the team to the other end. But when they came back he would get right in there and try to make a goal. We asked him why he wasn't going to the other side and he said "Why? There coming back this way soon, and I will be ready!" This was the unique mind of this special boy. He was always thinking much more deeply than we imagined.

Inevitably he excelled in most things he set his mind to. He never truly liked school all that much but eventually he was set to graduate high school with honors. Instead, his parents accepted his diploma. He

did love sports, and absolutely excelled in all of them. He dreamed of being a professional sports player, a police officer; and eventually a sports medicine physical therapist. He had a knee injury in football that really set him back both physically and emotionally and he came out on the other side of that wanting to help anyone else who went through that. Thinking he would be of help especially having gone through it himself. That was his heart.

He was the kid who wanted his independence as soon as he could get it. He did not lag in getting his drivers license and finding jobs. He worked at a golf course, he worked for his Dad, in the business, learning how to change toilets and fix doors, mow lawns...his last job was at McDonald's. When we asked him, why do you want to work there? He told us, his mind always working, that it was easy work, he could work when he wanted to, pay was good, he got free food and had a chance to get scholarships for school. Who could argue with that?

That \$300 he gave to you that night, was earned from his hard work at his job, that he went out and got on his own. That was not money from "Mommy and Daddy". He was not a "spoiled, rich American kid". Privileged in comparison to some, yes, but never spoiled. He paid bills. He knew he had to work for whatever he wanted in life, and he was prepared to do it.

We had to find out even more of what an amazing young man he was at his own funeral. Story after story of his kindness was shared. Kid after kid he barely knew, gathered the courage to get up on a podium and speak in front of almost two thousand people; just to share a story of how much it meant to them that he helped them with their dropped papers one day instead of mocking them; or included them in class instead of making them feel like an outsider. One of his best friends shared the story of how he was the new kid in school and Jordan brought him into the fold, offered to play basketball with him. They went on to share their love of basketball and played together for the rest of their school years, on top of being lifelong close friends. Those probably seemed like little things to him but they were big to the kids he had an impact on.

The last time I laid eyes on Jordan while he was still living and breathing was around 11:30, March 24th, 2022. He came into the laundry room, with a sheepish look on his face because he knew I was still trying to get laundry done for our trip and he had procrastinated and now needed to use the washer. We exchanged a couple words and I thought his face was that of guilt over waiting until the last minute to do his laundry but what I now realize was a face of guilt that he had just been sending pictures to a girl online an hour ago. Had I known it would have been the last time I'd speak to him I would have told him how much I loved him, how proud of him I was, and it wouldn't ever matter what he did I would always love and support him. I would have let him know I would gladly take that bullet for him every day for eternity if it meant he could continue to grow into the wonderful young man he was becoming.

Unbeknownst to me, It wouldn't be an hour later that you would begin the steady stream of terror that his last night on earth would become. While I was sleeping in my bed, you were continuously torturing him with threats, demands and promises of exposure of his most intimate self if he didn't give you every last cent he had. You made him believe all was lost. Made him believe you had already exposed him by sending his pictures to his friends, his friends mothers, and other people he loved and looked up to.

I wondered for so long why he didn't come to us for help. He knew he could. He knew we were not the type of parents to shame him, cast him aside, or even blow up at him for his mistakes. He made mistakes, he was always forgiven, always talked to, always given a second chance. I eventually realized

that, that didn't matter. We as parents can't even rely on our close relationship with our children because you made him believe that the damage was already done. How were we going to help him when his images were seemingly already distributed to everyone he knew and respected. He died that night believing he had already disappointed everyone he knew, already embarrassed himself, his girlfriend and his family. He died with no hope, no pride, and feeling utterly alone.

He told you he was taking his life and you told him "good" "do it now" "I will make you do it" "I will make your life miserable". He told you he was doing it and then a few minutes later all contact ceased. You knew he did it. I am not sure what emotions you felt at that time. I'm not sure if you were worried, concerned, for him or for yourselves. If you felt any measure of remorse it did not last long. You googled his death days later, and saw that is was true. You went dark for a short period of time and then you started up again. More victims, more money. Hoping to maybe get another three hundred dollars.

I woke up early that morning with plans for more laundry and final packing to go on our annual beach vacation. I sat on our couch, listening to a book, drinking coffee. My little girl padded out into the living room shortly after and laid next me on the couch. I remember looking out the window and seeing Jordans car still in the driveway. I almost went down the stairs to wake him up, but I told myself well if he wants to sleep in he can. We gave him the option of going to school that day, he is on the honor roll and 17 years old if he wants to sleep in, he can. So I sat on the couch and drank my coffee instead. While his body grew colder the floor below me.

His dad got a call asking if Jordan was still at home, John walked by me while looking out into the driveway himself and saying "ya his car is still here, I will go check on him". It was his mother on the phone. She had woken up and saw a text message from him that said "Mother, I love you" from 3:44 in the morning. I am certain a sense of dread welled up inside her with no explanation.

Moments later I watched my husband skid around the kitchen corner clutching his chest, barely able to breathe or speak as he told me "Jordan shot himself" My mind went blank. I did not understand that sentence. I just screamed "what?!, what!?" Over and over and he just repeated "I don't know". I shoved my phone in his hands and cried "Call 911, we have to help him, we have to save him" while I started toward the stairs and he grabbed my arm and said, "no. don't go down there." It was then I knew, I truly knew. This wasn't an accident, my boy was gone. I dropped to my knees and buried my head in the couch and cried and said "Its over" "Its over" "Its over" "Our lives are over" "He's gone".

All our lives flashed before my eyes, I saw myself in the psych ward, a shell of a human, I saw my husband losing himself in his grief, becoming withdrawn, angry, not functioning. I saw my girls traumatized, forever changed, lost, unguided in life because their parents were lost too. Maybe my parents having to raise them, or one of us having to raise them alone. I saw everyone I love sad and angry, blaming me for allowing this beautiful boy to slip through my fingers, for not protecting him. I envisioned all of this in an instant, as a guttural cry left my body and tears streamed down my face.

Suddenly a little hand was on my shoulder asking "Mommy what's wrong, what is going on?" And I had to act, I had to gather what shred of strength I had left in me to protect the rest of my babies. I couldn't let them see this, I had to get them out of there. Somehow managing to call my parents while the edges of my vision were black, while I listened to my husband on the phone with 911 describing what had happened, what he found. Listening to him call Jordans mother, hearing her scream on the other end and

him just saying “I don’t know, I don’t know” over and over with his hand on his forehead. I clung to my little girl while I watched my other little girl come out of her bedroom sleepy eyed and confused and told both of them to go to their room and don’t come out until Mimi and Papa get here.

I watched as my parents careened through the upstairs door, just as I heard police coming through the basement door. I was out of my own body as I told them to get the girls, get them out of here. Then I dropped to the floor and lost myself. I screamed and cried and asked God why. Why has this happened. Why? He was happy, we were going on vacation. Why?

We spoke with a detective who very calmly began to ask about our son, who his friends were, where he worked, did we have any inclination why? I stared at another detective as he came in to speak with the one at the table. He had a camera around his neck and I wondered why he was taking pictures of my son. I was horrified. Instantly, I saw flashes of what those pictures must be of, what his poor lifeless body must look like in my basement as people walked around his room, took his picture, gawked at him, as he lay still on his bed. When the detective at the table was satisfied with the information we gave him he left back downstairs, John followed. I looked out of my window and saw a fire truck. A truck my own son had been in when his dad had volunteered. I saw the pictures I took of Jordan as a little boy, carrying around fire hoses, “helping” his dad. It was then that I heard the sniffles and cries of grown men downstairs, saying, “Im sorry John”. Men who knew Jordan from the time he was little, who now had to pick up his lifeless body and place him in a bag on a gurney. I listened to my husband as he gave Jordan a kiss and told him “I love you son”. And then I heard a zip. I knew what that sound was. I knew it was the sound of them zipping my boys lifeless body into a body bag to be taken away. I will never forget the sound of that zip. It has kept me up at night, it has popped in my head at random times, it will always be the sound of my boy being gone forever. Zip.

It was days of confusion, of wondering why? What could possibly have been so bad that we missed? He was fine, he was happy, he was ready to get out of town, to go have fun. That is another level of torture on a parent. When we found out why, it didn’t make it better, it made it worse. It made it so senseless. We felt so violated. These grown men came into our home, tortured our child and did nothing to stop him, only encouraged him to take his life. He wasn’t just sad. He was terrified, desperate, hopeless and alone. Alone, except for you. You, his tormentors, were the only ones keeping him company while he came to the conclusion that his life was no longer worth living. You were his only companions during the worst and last hours of his life. He did not go peacefully, you made sure of that.

I will never forget the next time I saw him. It was in his coffin in the funeral home. I stepped toward his pale, lifeless body and touched his cold hands. I touched his forehead as I noticed the side of his head swollen. So much so the funeral home had placed the hood of his sweatshirt up around his head in an effort for it to be less noticeable. Instead of gazing into his tearful eyes as I took my own last breath in old age, to say goodbye; I said goodbye to his closed eyes, his still body, I touched his hair and kissed the hands that no longer had the essence of life running through them. I stared at him for a good long time and told him how sorry I was. How so very sorry I was not able to protect him, to help him. How much I regretted not being able to save him. I listened to the wails of his mother, his girlfriend as they each took their own turn going through the instant shock and horror of seeing his body that no longer

held his soul. Every cry, felt like a knife in my own heart. Every utterance of his name, another piece of my own soul dying. An immense weight of my failed responsibility for him that got heavier and heavier and has never let up.

In the weeks and months and now years since the last day I looked at his face, we have had many, many more hurdles. Each one harder than the last at times. The ripple effect of his loss has reverberated through our town, through our friends, through my marriage and through my remaining children. We have come very close to completely falling apart several times. Only pulling back at the last minute and deciding to trudge forward; sometimes it feels like walking through quicksand. My children have watched their parents float off into space, have developed insecurities they never should have had. They have had sleepless nights filled with nightmares. They have worried about you, asking "Mommy, will the bad guys come to our bedrooms and make us do that?" They have faced adults and children who treat them a little differently but not quite sure why. They have heard and seen things they should never have had to hear and see.

This is the impact. This is what the other side of your keyboard work looks like. While you sat in that college dorm room and waited for your next money transfer, knowing in the back of your mind that a child lost his life, likely more than one child, lost their life to your actions; I don't know that you truly knew the impact. The many more lives than Jordan's that you destroyed or made worse. You not only stole his money you stole our joy. We will never again experience pure joy. Everything will always have even a small cloud of sadness surrounding it. I won't be able to watch my daughters marry without thinking Jordan would have loved to be here to see it. I won't be able to watch the births of their children without mourning the loss of the grandchildren that should have come before them. Maybe I will be blessed with 5 grandchildren but I could have had 7 or 10. I mourn the loss of the little eyes we should have looked into that would have had half of their daddy's eyes staring back at us. Maybe had his laugh, his walk, his height, his heart.

As you sit here, waiting to hear your fate. Hopefully finally understanding the impact your actions have had, I want you to do something for me. I want you to vow that you will not waste another minute of your own lives on fruitless endeavors. I want you to promise to make every minute count for the rest of your lives. Every day you wake up in prison, I want you to ask yourself what you can do to make a different impact. I want you to first write letters to your own parents, every day. I know they miss you. Write to them, and tell them how sorry you are, how much you love them. Lie to them and tell them its not so bad, and you are being treated well. Hopefully that will help THEM sleep a little more at night. Write to your government, write to our government, write to the social media companies you used. Ask them to help you. Ask them, to help YOU, put a stop to this madness. Ask them to not make it any easier for someone like YOU to do this to innocent children. Ask them for change. Tell them that it is not only destroying children's lives, but your own, your families. Write to others, urging them to stop these crimes.

Tell them it most certainly is not worth it. Tell them this is not the way. This is not what you would choose if you could do it over again. Tell THEM what prison is really like.

If you make it out of your time in prison, go back to your country and advocate and work an honest living. I want to see you on every Nigerian news channel advocating for change. Telling everyone this is not the way to make a living. It is destroying lives, more lives than they realize. Do something every day that will help your country and its people so maybe not so many will look to this lifestyle as a way to make money.

Maybe no one else will do this one day. It better be because of you. Every day, write your letters, learn something, and think of ways you will make this world better. If you feel remorse, this is your path to forgiveness. And every night, when you lay down to go to sleep you imagine our boys face and you tell him you're sorry. Jordan, I'm sorry.